

WAX FRUITS FOR JAPAN.

Five Collections to Be Sent by the Agricultural Department.

As a return courtesy to the Japanese government the United States, through the department of agriculture, is soon to present to the agricultural department of Japan a fine collection of the citrus and other fruits indigenous to the United States, says the Washington Star.

At the time of the Columbian exposition at Chicago the Japanese government had on exhibition there a fine collection of the native fruits of Japan and at the close of the exposition sent a large part of them in a handsome native made case to the agricultural department in Washington. They are on exhibition there at this time and have been of valuable assistance to students of the fruits of that country.

Those which are to be sent by the United States to Japan are to be made of wax and painted to resemble the natural fruit, and so close is this resemblance carried out that it is almost impossible to determine the real from the artificial article when both are placed side by side. The Japanese work is done in much the same fashion as that by the artisans of the department in Washington, and the collection bears striking testimony to the handwork of these artists of the orient.

In making the artificial fruits a mold is made in plaster of Paris. This is halved and white beeswax introduced to fill part of the mold. The latter is then turned on its axis until the wax cools, when the mold is opened and the hollow shell of wax removed. It is then the exact shape of the fruit which was placed in the mold to get the design. The artist then takes charge of the artificial fruit and paints it to an exact likeness of the original. This work is the most remarkable of all the details of making the artificial fruit and is done under the direction of Colonel Brickett, who has charge of the division of pomology and who made the first collection for the continental exposition at Philadelphia in 1876. Colonel Brickett has had great difficulty in getting capable artists to do this work at the salaries paid by the government, and in this line is an interesting story of Paul de Longpre, the now world famous water colorist.

There are two artists and several experts at work now on the collection destined for Japan, and it will be ready some time early in the fall and be sent to that country. In the collection are pears, apples, peaches, quinces, plums, oranges, melons and the like, the whole probably numbering when completed more than a hundred varieties of our native fruits.

Short Arms as Well as Short Legs.

An interesting suggestion was made recently in the London Chronicle, writes a correspondent, that the Japanese should give their less a chance and rise to the height of the western nations. This was to be effected by sitting on chairs instead of the floor, so as no longer to cramp or atrophy the tendons, for it is the leg that makes the principal difference in stature. But short arms are not brought about by sitting on the floor, and the Japanese seem built to be short by the taken of the extraordinary brevity of their arms. They are the arms of a people doomed to remain little, and how they cope with the iron, the furnace and the cannon of their "civilization" is a wonder.

Fat Bacon.

The salting of meat generally renders it less digestible, but the fat of pork is an exception to this rule. The dyspeptic who would not dare eat fresh pork will find fat bacon wholesome food.

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CAPTURE OF PERDICARIS.

Details of the Wealthy American's Abduction by Tanglew Brackets.

Details have been received in London of the capture of ten Perdicaris and Grosvenor Varley by brigands outside Tanglew, says a special cable dispatch to the New York American. The cries of "ransom" on the night of the abduction, as the families were seated in the drawing room of the Perdicaris villa, that Ivan, a footman, was being murdered brought the entire party to the servants' hall, thinking to see a servant's dispute in progress.

To the terror of the families, they found the hall swarming with armed Moslems, who were blindfold with ropes the male servants. The advent of Perdicaris and Varley was the signal for a charge of attack, and a brief but spirited struggle took place, in which they were overpowered and made captives. The women of the party sought to aid their husbands, but were knocked down and threatened with death.

Kashell, the brigand chief, blew a whistle. Instantly the house was surrounded by more than 100 of his followers. Perdicaris and Varley were hurriedly carried to their own horses and rushed into the darkness.

The English housekeeper attempted to call United States Consul Gannaway, in Tanglew, by telephone, but the brigands took the instrument and threw her aside.

Red Snow.

Red snow is frequently observed in the polar regions and has occasionally been met with in the Alps and in Scotland.

THE SLOCUM CALAMITY

Stories of Survivors and Incidents of Steamboat Horror.

HEROISM OF A GRANDMOTHER

Spartan Woman Gives Up Her Life For a Boy—Pleasant Work of an Unknown Hero—Young Lad Kicks Girl to Save Her—Little Girl's Last Message—Pathetic Scenes at the Morgue.

Survivors of the General Slocum disaster in New York waters have related many thrilling stories of their experiences. Deeds of heroism and tragic and pathetic incidents were enacted. Here are some of them:

Torn from the arms of his uncle by frantic women who fought to save themselves upon the back of Fireman Fred Hoffman of Engine company No. 25, little Raymond Hoffman, son of Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Hoffman of Jersey City, went to the bottom after his grandmother, Mrs. Cecelia Hoffman, had declined to leave the boat until the child was saved. The Spartan grandmother's body was later identified among the dead, says the New York American.

Fireman Hoffman, who lives in New York, had a day off on the day of the disaster. He had taken his mother, his brother Ernest's wife and their two children, Raymond, aged five years, and Edna, aged three, for a day's outing on the General Slocum.

The young fireman saw the danger at once when the fire was first discovered. Instantly he turned to save his mother. Being an athlete and a strong swimmer, he would have had no difficulty in getting her ashore.

"Come quick, mother!" he shouted to the old lady.

He was holding out his arms to her and begging her to come with him. The mother held the little children close to her breast and cried in terror. Fondly the grandmother looked at the little boy and, with rare coolness, said to her son:

"You save Buster before you come for me."

"Buster" was little Raymond's pet name.

The firemen lost no time. Taking the child in his arms, he made a dive head first from the boat. He came up in the center of a perfect sea of frantic, shrieking and terror stricken women, who were battling to keep above the waves and grabbing at each other and at every straw in their mad attempts to save themselves.

As the fireman's head came to the surface, instinctively the desperate women made for him. They struggled, clutched and fought for any sort of hold upon the powerful young fellow, and in the struggle they madly snatched the child from his arms. Down through a furious sea of femininity went the child. Fighting his way through the surging humanity, the fireman circled around, looking for the boy to come up. He never gained sight of the child again.

In despair he turned again to the boat to get his mother. Climbing up over the side, he ran about through the flames and smoke, shouting, "Mother, mother, I have come for you!" Dazed with grief, Hoffman again leaped into the water and made his way to the shore. He had lost all sense of his surroundings, and how and when he got a street car for home he did not know. Later he was found almost delirious at his home. His mind was wrecked. Then Ernest Hoffman identified their mother among a heap of the dead.

The name of one man who did his part on the Slocum will perhaps never be known. He was an excursionist—those on the island who watched could see that. When the fire was at its height he climbed out on to the starboard paddle box of the steamer and, encouraging them with cool and quiet commands, picked six women in turn out of the struggling mass just below him and handed them down to the men on the deck of tug No. 7 of the New York Central railroad, which had run up alongside, says the New York Post.

In a short time the fire had spread to the place where he stood, and the men below, no longer able to face the flames that were leaping out around them, called on him to jump. The man never flinched, but as the tug sheered off he picked up another woman and with all his strength swung her clear and threw her into the outstretched hands below. His own clothes were on fire by that time, but still he did not jump, and the last tugmen saw of him was when he fell senseless into the river. They watched for him to come to the surface, but he never rose.

"He saved my life, and I'm going to marry him when he gets old enough," said fourteen-year-old Ida Woudky of New York as she gazed with admiration at thirteen-year-old John Tishner, of the same address, who had saved her life in the General Slocum disaster after a falling timber had struck her on the head and rendered her nearly unconscious, says the New York Journal. The children had been rescued and were feeling very lively after drinking some hot coffee at the home to which they had been taken.

"She was fainting and I knew I couldn't save her if she lost her grip, so I gave her a kick in the shins that woke her up," said Tishner. "Then I got a lot of life preservers, most of them rotten, and after a long time I got a good one on Ida. The tugs were coming near us then and I told her to jump. She wouldn't jump, and I push-

ed her over. Then I jumped in the water myself and got hold of her hair and held her up until the tug came and we were pulled out."

The children, who live in the same house, had gone to the excursion together and they were eating ice cream when the fire started a few feet from them.

Special Officer Halsey, out in a punt from the De La Vergne Iron works on North Brother Island, tells of a boy's wonderful show of strength and bravery. The boy is Edward Lann, who lives in New York. He is fourteen, of slight physique.

"When we found the little fellow he was swimming forward as hard as he could with his younger brother clinging to one of his feet," said Halsey. "Two smaller children, a still younger brother and a little sister, were clinging to the leg of the boy behind Edward. Thus he was bearing all of them and sticking to his task with splendid nerve."

One man who recently visited St. Mark's church in Sixth street, New York, where many victims of the disaster worshipped, told a story that brought tears even to the eyes of the wrinkled police officer who was on guard there, says the New York Times. The visitor was N. W. Dillon of New York, and he was inquiring for his little niece, Mary Diamond, the eight-year-old daughter of Mrs. Katherine Diamond. Mr. Dillon, when he reached the church, was crouching in one hand a crumpled bit of paper which the little girl had given to him just before she boarded the General Slocum. On the paper was a verse she had written for him. It was as follows:

She meets me on the corner,
At the closing of the day,
And tells me that she loves me,
My golden headed May.

"That's for you to think about me with," she had said to him.

"She was all I had," he murmured. "Every day she ran to meet me when I came home. I'd rather die than live without her."

There were many pathetic incidents and tragedies enacted at the morgue.

One of the most pathetic incidents was the identification of little Elsie Spektor by her father, Edward Spektor of New York. When he recognized the body in a plain white box on the pier he could hardly be controlled, says the New York Times. He threw his watch, ring and purse into the coffin.

"Take all, take all!" he cried. "I do not want to live, now that my baby is dead."

Elsie was Mr. Spektor's favorite child, and he had hoped against hope that she might have been saved.

Right behind Mr. Spektor was a man who was frantic with grief. He was imbued with the idea that the body of his little girl, who is among the missing, was on the pier, but was being withheld from him.

"You are trying to hide my child from me!" he cried. "Take me to her! Give me my little girl!"

It was finally deemed best to lead him away. He was taken home by friends who declined to give his name or address. Case after case just as sad was observed.

In his tiny fist a little boy who was picked out of the water clutched a bean bag, says the New York Press. Evidently he had been tossing it to his playfellows when the blow fell, and he must have jumped in the water immediately, because his face was free from burns. The beans in the bag had swollen, and the calico covering was stretched tightly.

"What on earth is this little fellow doing?" asked Coroner O'Gorman as he took the toy from the child's hand. Then one of the nurses whispered:

"Coroner, I think it's a bean bag."

"This is one of the most pathetic cases of all," said the coroner as he came from a death house with a slip of paper in his hand. The paper was found folded in the handkerchief of a little drowned boy whose name was George Gillis and who was twelve years old. The note was to George's teacher and was signed "His Mother." The note requested the teacher to excuse the boy from school because he was going to have an outing on the St. Mark's excursion. The note was pinned to the little fellow's clothing, and the body was sent to the morgue, where he was identified by his father.

How and Gardens.

A novel thing about a new structure to be built for a bacon and ham packing firm in Cincinnati will be a large roof garden. There will be a lake oval in shape 25 by 30 feet in dimension, with fishes in it, says the Cincinnati Enquirer. In the center of this lake will be a small electric fountain. The lake will be from eighteen inches to two feet in depth. Besides the lake there will be regular grass plots, with trees planted in them and such flowers as thrive in this climate. The height of this garden from the street will be between seventy-five and eighty feet. In the summer time the place will be covered over with awnings and everything arranged so that it can be used by the members of the firm, their employees and the business men of that locality as a pleasure resort.

The Fortunes of War.

The head of one of the most famous packing houses in Chicago uses as a pet phrase, "The fortunes of war," says a writer in the July Success. It is said that at a recent family gathering at his home a small grandson overheard his grandfather's remark that he had closed a very profitable beef contract with a representative of the Russian government previous to the opening of hostilities with Japan. "Grandpa," piped the small boy, "if you make lots and lots of money then, will that be the fortunes of war?"

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A RUSSIAN SUPERSTITION.

Alleged Prophecy of St. Serafin as to the War in the East.

There is much talk in St. Petersburg and in other Russian cities of the probability that the czar will go to the west of war, says the Paris Temps. A newly discovered prophecy of St. Serafin, it is said, will induce him to take supreme command of the Russian forces in the east.

Last July, it will be remembered, the remains of St. Serafin of Saraf were carried into a church specially built for their reception. Father Serafin, as he was commonly called, died about seventy years ago in the desert of St. Serafin and was buried near his hermit hut. Some little time after his death a well not far from his grave was discovered whose water had curative qualities. The church after due investigation concluded that the well was holy, and the saint was canonized. Last year the emperor and all the imperial family were present at the removal of the saint's remains. The czar himself and three grand dukes carried the precious burden to the place prepared for it, and it was the Czarina Feodorovna—who, by the way, of late has become very pious—who designed the drapery and the decorations which mark the new place where the bones of the saint lie.

Here is one of the predictions said to have been made by St. Serafin: "During the year following the removal of my ashes hence to a church a terrible war will be let loose upon Russia, and it will cause much suffering. The czar will go to that war. I will go with him, and we will tear to pieces the apron of England."

This prediction first came to light last July. It was discussed in several court circles, and great importance was attached to the promise of the saint to accompany the czar to the front. As to the "apron of England" which is to be torn to tatters, that does not necessarily mean war with England. In all probability the "apron" means Japan, by which England is shielded in her war against Russia.

It is also contended that St. Serafin was in reality Alexander I., who retired to a convent after his involuntary participation in the murder of his father, Paul I. Later on he became the hermit of the desert of Saraf. This is said, is the real reason why the czar and the imperial family were present at the second funeral of the prophet.

The Oriole.

The oriole's loud, flutlike notes ringing from the high tree tops in the morning are an ample refutation of the old theory that melody and bright plumage have never been bestowed on the same bird.

Diamonds.

A German savant declares that all diamonds found on this earth came from the moon on aerolites or meteorites.

Portuguese Compositors.

Compositors in Portuguese newspaper offices get about \$40 a month. The editors get no more, but their work is light, and they have plenty of time for outside employment.

The Nose in Japan.

In Japan the nose is the only feature which attracts attention. The nose determines the beauty or ugliness of the face, according as it is big or small. This is probably due to the fact that difference in noses constitutes about the only distinction between one Japanese face and another. The eyes are invariably black, the cheek bones high and the chin receding.

A Relic of Thebes.

In the British museum is an advertisement of a reward for a runaway slave. The "ad." is written on papyrus and is 3,000 years old. It was exhumed from the ruins of Thebes.

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FOUR FREE TRIPS TO WORLD'S FAIR

Daily Times Will Send Popular Persons to Exposition—Ten Days' Trip and Expenses Paid.

The Louisiana Purchase Exposition, or World's Fair, at St. Louis this year, will be in all respects the greatest enterprise of the kind ever undertaken. In point of floor space in the exhibit places it will be more than ten times as large as the Pan-American Exposition at Buffalo in 1901, twice as large as the World's Columbian Exposition at Chicago in 1893, and three times as large as the last Paris Exposition.

Indications point to an enormous attendance from all parts of the country. Everybody wants to see the greatest World's Fair ever held.

The Barre Daily Times invites four of its most popular readers (to be determined by vote) to attend the St. Louis Exposition as the guests of this newspaper.

The candidates for these free trips to St. Louis will be classified thus:

Class 1—The most popular resident of Barre city.
Class 2—The most popular resident of Barre town.
Class 3—The most popular resident of Orange county.
Class 4—The most popular resident of Washington county, outside of Barre city and town.

These persons will be selected by the readers of the Times. The balloting will open immediately and will continue until midnight of Friday, July 1. The winners will be announced in the issue of Tuesday, July 5.

Beginning with this issue of the Times, and in every issue until and including that of Friday, July 1, there will be printed on the second page, a coupon entitling the holder to cast one vote in any of the four classes above specified.

In classes 2, 3 and 4, for every yearly subscriber to this paper at \$2.50 paid in advance, 300 votes will be given; for six months at \$1.25 paid in advance, 150 votes will be allowed, and for three months at 75 cents paid in advance 75 votes will be allowed.

Subscribers owing a subscription can pay up at the rate of \$3.00 a year and have votes credited accordingly.

To each of the four winners we shall present a coupon ticket which will include:

1. Railroad fare from Barre to St. Louis and return.
2. Berth in Pullman Palace Sleeping Car, each way.
3. All meals en route, in dining cars or at hotels.
4. Stopover at Niagara Falls, with trip over the International Belt Line through the Canadian National Park to Queenstown, across to Lewiston, returning over the Great George Route.
5. Transfer between depot and hotel at St. Louis.
6. Five days' board (room and meals) at hotel at St. Louis.
7. Daily admission to the grounds of the Louisiana Purchase Exposition for five days.
8. Special steamer excursion on the Mississippi river.
9. A handsomely illustrated "Guide to St. Louis" with large map of the city and the Exposition grounds.

10. A traveler's accident insurance ticket for \$1,000 (with \$7.50 weekly indemnity for five weeks in case of injury, good for one year).

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